

Heels & Hose

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 4

MANEATER!

*SWEET SMELL
OF SEX*



*WHO TURNS
THE LESBIANS ON?*

*THE PRIZE IS
LOVE OR LUST*

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Donald D. Taaff Jr.
Archival Collection

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HEELS & HOSE (Aug., Sept., Oct., 1980) is a cultural, scientific and educational publication produced and distributed as adult educational material aimed at homosexuals, or people changes in contemporary matters of social, sexual, aesthetic, health, and other related subjects. Copyright © 1980 by Joseph Sherwood, Inc., 2111 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California. All rights reserved. No entire contents of this issue, nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1980 by Joseph Sherwood, Inc., 2111 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California 91020. Printed in the United States of America. The publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material. We do not release any information about or sell photographs of any model appearing in this magazine. Any sexually oriented pictures that may appear in this magazine are the property of the magazine and are not to be reproduced. All photographs in this magazine, except those of public figures, are posed by professional models and neither the photographs nor the words accompanying these descriptions, or are meant to be understood as, the sexual personality or conduct of the model. Distributed exclusively by Parliament News, Inc., 2111 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California 91020. Printed in U.S.A.

editorial

Critics, readers, those for or against us, all these various factors choose their own definition of what we are. Much as we at *Heels & Hose* may be influenced by these opinions, we must, ultimately, define ourselves.

We are a group of people with what we consider a healthy attitude toward sexual expression and a belief that it is a fit subject to be openly and frankly discussed in a media available to the general public. Unfortunately, restrictions, not of our choosing, have been placed on the distribution available to us.

We would like to see *Heels & Hose*, and other publications of a similar stripe, available to all would-be purchasers at every news and magazine stand in the land. We would like to stand or fall on our own merits rather than be considered a curio, something to be desired because of general opposition and disapproval. For we believe we have something important to say in this world.

The voice that is heard throughout the land, at least on those matters with which this publication deals, would have you believe that all sex, except that legally sanctioned and confirmed by established authority, is vile, degrading, and somehow, the product of those forces opposed to the democratic way of life. We wish there were some way to expose both our readers and our critics to the people who put together this magazine. Not just the highly paid editorial and management staff, but the "little people," the layout and pasteup workers, the artists, the lab and typesetting people. A more high-minded and dedicated group could not be found. And, exposure to "corruption" (as our opposition would have it) has left them models of personal and public deportment.









caper in the KING-SIZE

WHEN A NEW PIECE OF MAJOR FURNITURE IS DELIVERED, THE FIRST IMPULSE IS TO TRY IT OUT. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT ONA DID WHEN HER NEW KING-SIZE BED ARRIVED. SHE CALLED A PAL, SHARON, OVER TO SHARE HER SHEETS.





TO A PAIR OF GIRLS ACCUSTOMED TO SINGLE BEDS, THE NEW
PLAYGROUND PRESENTED A WIDE RANGE OF POSSIBILITIES.





IT WAS BIG ENOUGH FOR BASKETBALL GAMES. A FOOTBALL TEAM COULD HOLD PRACTICE SESSIONS ON ITS VAST EXPANSE. THEY ALMOST BELIEVED THAT PLANES COULD LAND. BEST OF ALL, SHARON AND ONA COULD EASILY SHARE ITS CONFINES WITHOUT INTRUDING ON EACH OTHER'S PRIVACY.





Only now did Tony realize what sort of job he'd been hired for.



MANEATER!

BY DEAN DEXTER

TONY FIGURED HE WAS GOING TO DIE! SHEILA COULD KILL ANY MAN THAT EVER LIVED, AND GOOD AS HE WAS, HE WAS NO MATCH FOR HER. BUT AT LEAST HE WOULD DIE HAPPY.

Tony Pardoe, after looking the field over, settled for a busty little redhead from Pecos, "Takes-us," carefully cut her out of the pack at the party, and stimulated her, tipsy and willing, back to the boat he was living on at Marina del Rey. She thought it was an adorable little boat and scampered about, ohing and ahing at the fixtures and appoint-

ments, kimmish as hell until she was faced with the inevitable reality of laying him. Then she settled into her social chore with acquired skill, natural diligence, intense concentration, and an abundance of youthful energy.

Afterward, they rested and exchanged the necessary compliments, and she told him of her terrific

problem . . . whether to go back to college for her senior year, marry some adorable lil' ol' boy who could scratch her ovaries like nobody else in the world . . . present company excepted, of course, darlin', or take a wonderful job in Dallas with an adorable lil' ol' oilman, as his mistress. Then she sighed and gave him a sisterly little kiss on the end of his pecker and a friendly little squeeze of his balls, got up, fixed her face and crammed herself back into her miniskirt and tight sweater. Then, after Tony had built two fresh drinks, he walked her back to the party on the large yacht a few docks over and stayed ten minutes as a small courtesy.

When he was alone in the darkness of his bunk again, he felt sad and listless and cheated by life. He



was living on a borrowed boat and he had to get out in the morning because the bratty who owned it was going up the coast with his wife. Tony had hoped he would be invited along, to help run the craft, but there had been no invitation. Now he had only twenty bucks between him and what he had no idea.

Ever since he'd gotten out of college, he'd had a succession of jobs, but none had interested him and he hadn't held any of them long. He couldn't save any money because he liked the galloping dominoes too much, and while he'd made his living gambling while going through college, his luck had seemed to run out. And being out of money was hurting his real career . . . that of being a professional bachelor.

Tony was a young man who got

all the sleep he could, only he had a choice of beds. So he had settled for living in borrowed apartments or boats, collecting eating money for looking after them, and then bouncing along when the arrangements came to an end.

The next morning, Tony, a broad-shouldered, good-looking young man, age about twenty-six, took his last twenty bucks and with the money had his suit pressed, his shoes fixed and shined, got a haircut, shave and manicure. Leaving the barber shop he looked good. He felt good, too. The depression of the night before was gone. *My fuck's due to change, he thought.*

A well-stacked girl coming down the street stopped and gave him an appraising look. He grinned his white teeth at her. Yeah, they

still gave him the eye. Rich ones, poor ones, young ones, old ones. They still went for Tony like bitches in heat. He was still the best in the West when it came to broads.

Why shouldn't he feel good? So what if he was broke. He had an ace in the hole he'd been saving for just such an occasion. He was going to see good old Oscar. He'd heard that Oscar had married himself a fortune. Good old Oscar would set him up in an easy job. He'd rent a bachelor pad, somewhere up above the Sunset Strip, furnish it with a blonde starlet, then he'd start grooving again, just like the fates had intended.

He went to see Oscar. Oscar, he found, lived in Bel-Air, where only the *wealthiest* people in

Donald D. Teel Jr.
Archival Collection



Southern California lived. They had estates larger than the whole campus where he'd gone to college. He walked up the long curving driveway and looked over the mansion Oscar lived in and let out a whistle of envy.

He rang the doorbell and a girl answered. Tony, who had seen some exquisite split-tails in his day, was flabbergasted.

She was a goddess, extremely blonde with a peaches-and-cream complexion. She held her shoulders back like a West Point plebe bracing for an upper classman, and they introduced a double feature of large, round, luscious mounds that made him suck in his breath. Her legs showing below the extremely short skirt she was wearing were exquisitely sculptured, the kind nuns were made for.

Tony, from long habit, had always surveyed a girl from the ground up. He checked this one's dainty feet, slim ankles, shapely calves and thighs, tiny waist, high, lush breasts. By the time he reached her lovely oval face with its bright

blue, sparkling eyes, his lips were formed in a silent whistle of awe.

Such a frank appraisal by an ordinary man would have caused another girl to slap his face, but Tony was no ordinary man where girls were concerned. In fact, this girl had been doing some appraising of her own. By the time Tony's eyes reached her face, there was a faint flush of pleasure on her cheeks and a friendly smile on her lips. "Yes?" she murmured.

The voice coming from such a lovely creature was the most spine-tingling sound he had ever heard. When he could find his own voice, he stuttered: "Does Oscar Chapman live here?" He still couldn't believe what he saw.

Her smile became warmer. "Why, yes. I'm Mrs. Chapman."

"Not Oscar?" Tony thought. "That lucky son of a bitch!"

When he could talk without stammering, he explained that he was Oscar's old roommate in college, that he'd just come to Los Angeles on business, and that he'd decided to pay Oscar a visit ... just for old times' sake.

Her smile became radiant. Oscar, she dimpled, wouldn't be home from the office for an hour, but she was sure he'd be overjoyed to see Tony. She'd heard him talk about Tony many times. Meanwhile, wouldn't Tony come in and have a drink while he was waiting?

Tony knew that his luck had changed the moment he followed her swinging hips through the door. They went into a den of mahogany and burnished leather, and soon were seated facing each other, drinks in hand.

She was sitting with her legs apart. He couldn't tell whether or not she was wearing panties, but he didn't strain for a better look. She was Oscar's wife, and he didn't want to blow the deal at this early date. The top button of her blouse was open and the neckline did more than plunge; it took what might be called a suicide leap, rescuing itself at the last possible moment by clutching a diamond barpin. Looking at her cleavage made Tony feel dizzy. He was bothered by a suspicion that his smile had warped into a leer.

The girl didn't make it easy for him. From time to time she would lean forward to knock her cigarette ash into a tray and the loose blouse would fall open, giving him a wonderful view of two enticing creamy breasts that were barely covered by a wispy black half-bras.

Her eyes were teasing him and her feminine talk was suggestive. Tony thought: *If I ever saw a broad on the make ... Jesus, going to bed with her would really be something. I'd screw her on a pile of old razor blades and let her get on top.*

About six o'clock Oscar came home.

Tony was shocked almost speechless. Oscar had been a big guy in college, nearly two hundred pounds. But now he was just skin and bones. His complexion kept transposing itself between a mottled red and an unhealthy gray, and he walked dragging his feet. Oscar's eyes brightened when he first saw Tony, but a moment later they turned dull again. He offered his hand, and it was like holding a bag of dripping oysters.

"It's good seeing you again, Tony," Oscar said. Then he folded into a large leather chair as if the walk from the car to the house had exhausted him. When he picked up his drink, his hand had a bad tremor.

Tony thought: *Jesus, this guy looks like he's sixty years old! And he's only a couple of years older than I am.*

They talked about college days. From time to time Oscar's wife served them fresh drinks. Each time she handed Tony his glass she managed to touch his hand. Tony tried to keep out of her way.

"How long are you going to be in town, Tony?"

"Oh, a few days," Tony replied vaguely. He didn't want to rush the thing about asking for the job.

"Fine," said Oscar. "Naturally you'll stay with us." He raised a hand to Tony's quick protest. "No, it's settled. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to lay down before dinner." He managed to pull himself out of his chair with an effort, then walked bleary-eyed toward the stairway.

Dinner was pretty formal, but the

nap, food, and several drinks picked Oscar up and they talked about the good old days until about ten. Then Oscar excused himself and went to bed, leaving Tony and his wife in the den. Sheila Chapman was pretty high by then. She turned on the stereo, took off her shoes, came over to Tony, holding out her arms and inviting him to dance.

In her bare feet, she was dancing with him as if they were in bed together. Her pelvis ground up against his in undulating movements in rhythm to the music, and he felt himself stiffening against her.

Suddenly, she pulled away from him and stood in the middle of the room. In time to the music she pulled her dress off over her head and flung it to the farthest corner of the room. One stocking came off and was thrown to another corner. Garment by garment she undressed, flinging slip, panties, brassiere, in all directions. Then she stood there naked in the middle of the room, put her long tanned arms above her head and began a low dance.

Suddenly, she stopped and undulated over to Tony, who had been standing transfixed. She ground her pelvis up against him again and said in a low voice: "My mother says that it's bad for a girl to stand around naked in front of a man, unless he does something about it."

"I ... I guess I better get to bed," Tony said in a choking voice.

Sheila looked up at him, her lips parted slightly as she ran the pink end of her tongue over them. She ground her large naked breasts into his chest and whispered huskily: "Not yet!"

But Tony freed himself from her arms and ran up the stairs like he was escaping from a lynch mob. He locked his door from the inside, took off his clothes and jumped into a shower of cold water. As he shivered under the icy stream, he thought: *I can't let that broad blow my deal with Oscar!*

But when he got into bed, he still felt Sheila's lush, naked body in his arms, and he drove his hips into the mattress as if entering her delectable body.

The next morning, Tony decided to wait before hitting Oscar for

a job. Besides, he was a little frightened of his former roommate. In college he'd been the big man on campus with the babes and Oscar had looked up to him, but now Oscar was married to this gorgeous girl and all the money she'd inherited. He was the head of a corporation built with that money, and Oscar looked like he could be pretty cold where business was concerned. He'd better wait.

It didn't take him long to find out that being a house guest at the Chapman's was complicated. Sheila definitely was on the make for him, but he kept ahead of her. However, the temptation was great. Tony's natural inclinations came closer and closer to the surface ... to just relax and let nature take its course. Sheila did everything she could to break down his resistance. Like in the morning, when Tony left his room to go downstairs. Magnet-like, her door drew his eyes. The door was open and she was standing in front of her full-length mirror, in the nude, leaning forward and putting makeup on her face. Tony stared at her smooth, naked back, pulses pounding, then she saw him in the mirror and tauntingly moved the lower part of her body in sensual cadence. He closed his eyes and stumbled down the steps.

But human desire can be stymied only so long. The following night, when Oscar went to bed early, leaving Tony and Sheila alone again, again she was high. As they danced cheek to cheek, Sheila turned suddenly so that her parted lips brushed against Tony's. She finally had him. There was no place to retreat to, so with a groan, Tony kissed her.

It was like lighting the fuse to a stick of dynamite. Her lips紧ned on his, then gently relaxed. Her warm mouth was velvet and honey. Suddenly, she was kissing him savagely with her open mouth, her tongue kneading him like an electric vibrator. Tony responded as she pressed herself closer to him, moaning as his hands slipped down from her waist to pull her buttocks to him violently.

A thought flashed through his mind: *To hell with Oscar and his job. A woman like this comes along only once in a man's lifetime.*

But, finally, Shelia pulled away with a moan and whispered: "Oscar has to go out of town on business. We have to wait until tomorrow night...."

She turned and ran upstairs. Tony stood there with beads of sweat popping out on his forehead.

The next morning he had come to a conclusion. He needed that job. A guy could always get a break, but he had to have a job and some money.

He dressed carefully and then he went down to Oscar's office. A secretary ushered him into a luxurious private office where Oscar sat behind a desk large enough to play pool on. Tony sat down and Oscar lit a cigar and peered balefully through the smoke with his dull eyes. He had the eyes of a cold fish. "What can I do for you, Tony? I'm in a hurry. Leaving on a business trip in a little while."

Tony knew then that he had been right about his old roommate. Oscar's world was the cold, calculating world of business. There was no room for friendship.

"Say, remember the time I laid that homecoming queen a week before she got married?..." Tony began lamely.

"We talked about that last night," Oscar cut him off curtly. "I'm busy, Tony. Get to the point."

"I need a job," Tony finally mumbled.

"I thought that was what you wanted," replied Oscar, rolling his cigar around in skinny fingers that didn't look strong enough to lift it. "So, to save time, I had a check run on you yesterday." He picked up a paper from his desk. "Tony, you're nothing but a goddamn gash hound and that's all you've ever been. Since you got out of college you've drifted from one job to another. The longest place you ever worked was ..." he glanced at the report, "was when you skippered a fishing boat for six months. Tony, I've got a tight outfit here, and I won't let a tramp like you loose me up." He glared at Tony. "Now, if you need some dough, I'll be glad to...."

But he was talking to the air. Tony had walked out and slammed the door and headed for the nearest bar.

"There's a buddy for you," he told the bartender. "In college he

got the guys to kick in and buy me a watch when I laid the homecoming queen a week before she got married...."

He held up his wrist and they looked at the gold wristwatch, the tiny diamonds marking the hours. "To Our Seal" was engraved on the back. "It's the only goddammed thing I've got that's worth anything," Tony said.

"Yeah," grunted the bartender, sympathetically. "Want another double?"

Much later, Tony suddenly thought of Shelia, all alone and waiting for him in the Chapman mansion. Well, he might as well get something out of this deal. He just had enough money left for cab fare.

Shelia came to the door when he pushed the bell. She was wearing a short dress and was nearly as tight as it was. "I let the help have the night off," she whispered huskily. "Come in the den and let's get acquainted."

She mixed them drinks and sat down opposite him, with her legs wide apart enough to drive a Porsche between them. She opened them a little wider and said: "How's the view from over there?"

Tony didn't reply.

"Darling, if you were a 12-year-old outfielder and Mickey Mantle invited you to lunch, would you turn him down?"

"You've got a point there."

She arched herself slightly. "I've spent my life in the major leagues!"

He picked her up in his arms and carried her up to her room. Her lips felt hot and eager under his. "I love you, baby," she moaned in his ear. He fumbled for the zipper at the back of her dress and she shook her head. "Let me do it." She unzipped the dress and let it fall in a pool around her ankles. Then she undressed him and he picked her up and put her on the bed. The musk of sex was on her like a perfume.

Their mouths met. Their tongues collided as they sought entrance in each other's mouths. Then they darted back and forth like anxious, angry serpents, reacting to each other. Her satiny-smooth stomach twisted as his fingers slid over it and down. Then she started undu-

lating with passion, reacting with the subtleness and delicacy of an elephant gone berserk as her buttocks hammered at the bed until it began to shake to her rhythm. Tony felt her fingers crawl down his body until they found what they wanted. He stiffened, then she moaned: "Tony, now! I need you now!"

They started slowly. Then the tempo increased in their temples, their loins, and they began to move faster, with Shelia returning everything she got, thrust for thrust. They reached that moment of perfection together. She exploded like a long, long string of giant firecrackers, and he exploded like torpedoes after torpedoes.

It wasn't too long after they had finished that Tony felt her velvet softness pressing close to him again. Her perfumed hair brushed his face as she lowered her mouth to kiss him passionately and murmur: "Please, darling, please...."

It took Tony longer this time, but Shelia was pleased with his effort. Then, as he was drifting contentedly to sleep, again he felt her mouth on his body trying to arouse him. "Please, darling, again...."

"Shelia! Goddammit! For Christ's sake!"

But now she was pleading urgently.

"No wonder," he thought, "poor Oscar is on his last legs." And Oscar didn't dare leave her or deny her because then he'd lose all that beautiful dough. Tony smothered a laugh. "Okay, baby, okay...." he said. But it took him one hell of a long time, partly because his mind wasn't on it. He was thinking about Oscar....

She wouldn't let him go until after noon the next day when it was time for Oscar to come back. Tony left the house in the heat of the day, his sleeves rolled up, carrying his coat. He was glad to escape. Wearily, he thumbed a ride out to the Marina where he went into a bar and ordered a double bourbon. He paid for it with money he'd borrowed from Shelia.

Four drinks later he missed his wristwatch.

Dismayed, he rushed to a phone and called the Chapman residence. Oscar answered the phone. Tony



hung up without a word. This was bad. He'd left his watch in Oscar's bedroom when Sheila complained that it scratched her. Oscar would find it for sure.

Then he shrugged. What the hell! Oscar could go pee up a rope. He hadn't been too big-hearted about helping a former roommate who was down on his luck. Screw Oscar! "That's life," Tony said philosophically, and continued ringing the rounds of the bars.

The money he'd gotten from Sheila lasted him for two days and nights and part of the next morning. He was down to a crummy bar in a lousy part of town, breaking his last fire, when a couple of men walked in the door. One of the men pointed to Tony. The other one nodded his head. The first one left, then Oscar came over and sat down next to Tony.

"I had one hell of a time finding you, Tony," said Oscar, in his tired voice. "I had to put a couple of private dicks on the job. I wanted to return your wristwatch." He handed

it to Tony, as Tony thought: Drunk or sober, I can take him . . . unless he pulls a knife or a gun!

"Tony, I've been thinking about that job you wanted," Oscar went on. "Maybe I was a little too hasty the other day when you came to see me. I want you to go to work for me, and I've thought of something that would suit you perfectly. You've had some experience with boats. I've got a new 40-foot cabin cruiser down at the Marina, and I want you to be my skipper. I'll pay you eight hundred a month and you get free room and board. You can live on the boat. I'll pay your grocery and liquor bills."

Tony looked at him in wonder. Something deep inside welled up. He knew his luck had finally changed.

"When do I start?" Tony asked.

"Right now," replied Oscar, giving him a fifty-dollar bill as he got up to leave. Tony walked out of the bar with him and Oscar climbed into the car where the private detective waited.

"Tony," said Oscar, "I'm leaving tonight for a three-month's rest in Arizona. But my wife wants to go to Acapulco in the cabin cruiser, so that's your first job. Get over to the Marina and see that the boat's in shape to leave. She'll be on board about eight tonight, and from now on, you'll take your orders from her."

Oscar motioned to the detective, and they drove off.

Then Tony winced. He knew the real job Oscar had hired him for.

In his imagination, he could see Sheila swinging that exquisite body of hers on board that night, with that maniacal sexual desire shining in her bright blue, sparkling eyes, and he could hear her say: "Darling, before we leave, there is something you can do for me!"

"There always is, isn't there?" he could hear himself reply.

As he walked slowly along the street toward the Marina, Tony wondered, when the day came, if the undertaker would be able to round up six men for pallbearers.

"WATCH THE BIRDIE," IS BETTY'S
FEARSOME CRY AS SHE BEARS
DOWN ON HER PHOTOGRAPHIC PREY.



WATCHING BETTY'S BIRDIE







BETTY HOPES TO FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SUCH GREATS
OF THE CAMERA WORLD AS MATHEW BRADY AND LOUIS DAGUERRE.



THEIR MOOD TO BE NUDE

MOST GALS LIKE DRESSING UP. THEY SPEND AS MUCH MONEY ON CLOTHES AS THEIR INCOMES CAN TAKE. FLO AND CORA LACK ANY SUCH PROBLEM. PEELED IS HOW THEY LIKE TO BE.







OF COURSE, NO GUY WHO THINKS CLEARLY IS ABOUT TO FIND FAULT WITH SUCH AN ATTITUDE. THIS MAY BE THE REASON WHY THEY ARE SO POPULAR WITH THE MASCULINE GENDER. EACH VISIT TO THEIR PAD IS A VISUAL EXPERIENCE. FLO IS THE RINGLEADER IN THESE NAKED ESCAPADES, BUT CORA LENDS SUPPORT RIGHT DOWN THE LINE.



SWEET SMELL OF SEX

BY PAUL BROCK

AT VARIOUS TIMES IN HUMAN HISTORY DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF THE PHYSIognomy HAVE HELD SEXUAL SIGNIFICANCE. ANKLES, BREASTS, BICEPS, NECKS; ALL HAVE AT ONE TIME OR THE OTHER INCITED THE LUSTS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX. NOW A NEW CENTER OF SEXUAL INCITEMENT IS FORGING TO THE FRONT. THE "NOSE" ERA IS AT HAND!

They're calling it the new sex symbol of the seventies. The human nose, sensitive "chimney of the soul," is undergoing extensive tests to determine how its shape and size determine sexual desire and response.

Until right now, any normal guy interested in the fascinating business of making out with his girl friend could be heard, at least sometimes, passing pungent comments on her figure, breasts, waist, legs, hair, mouth, lips, cheeks, hands and arms. But he was not expected, ever, to mention her nose.

Heroes of the modern sex novel, in which every female body

is blessing is described in sensual detail, are apparently devoid of this valuable and variable organ. In such a novel, the adventurous, lasting hero will suffer manfully every kind of accident and tribulation to his person — except a broken nose.

It is strange that this most outstanding naked feature of the human form should have been so neglected, even despised, until now, by everybody except comedians. For the nose has infinite variety in both sexes, and is a reliable guide to desire. The nose of your loved one may be long or short, broad or narrow, blunt, crooked, snub or turned up. Any of these points tells interesting facts about her sexual

potential. Fortunes have been made out of palmistry and phrenology. They are going to be made out of nose-reading.

A long nose female, always signifies a shrewd, possessive personality with fierce loyalty toward the man who claims he loves her. If it is also perfectly straight and has its root just a little above the center of the eyes, it denotes intellect and an instinctive capacity for total co-operation during the heights of passion. Long-nosed lovelies are responsive to love-play. An affectionate look, a hug, a whispered word, will trigger yearnings that can only be satisfied in full and complete sexual union.





CBS

But only with one man. Promiscuity is almost unknown among long-nosed sex partners. They are one-man women!

Short noses are common among swinging young women to whom the sexual revolution is a real gas, and who consider boudoir frolics with different sex partners a perfectly natural and wholesome pastime. Short-nosed chicks dig absolute equality of the sexes. They are likely to hint that a roll in the hay is indicated when mutual togetherness has reached a certain intimate stage. They tend to initiate sex play. Their fierce desire to claim all of Man's privileges is often so blatant, that guys on the make get cold feet, and back out of the boudoir.

But short noses in females usually go with long, sinuous legs. And they have one big advantage over big noses . . . they don't get in the way when mouth-to-mouth preliminaries are being undertaken. Short-nosed cuties are able to arrive at quick decisions on matters of extreme urgency. They are never jealous. Their performance in bed is knowledgeable and intense.

Broad-nosed beauties are affectionate, sexy, prone to tears, and great admirers of the male sex. In

fact they know that men are superior, and willingly admit it. That is the kind of world they love; where the male lover is dominant and holds no brief for females who want to usurp his power and traditional privileges.

Because of this submissiveness, broad-nosed broads are not usually flaming balls of fire in the boudoir. Their sexual psychology is to give, give, give, but in the giving they lose sight of the ideal that gratification should be the goal for both partners, not one. But they enjoy "sacrificing" their own orgasmic pleasure if this means that their lovers are to be fulfilled. They worship men, and it is a privilege for female broad-noses to serve the opposite sex.

The narrow (but not long) nose in females often signals a distinct tendency to be selfish, sneaky, and frigid when affairs with the male sex are being fought out to their ultimate and natural conclusion. Narrow-nosed females are frequently incredibly beautiful and desirable, and they know it. Their mommas have taught them from childhood that their faces and figures are their fortunes, to be used ruthlessly and with deliberate intent. But not for their lover's gratification. For themselves!

Males may well reach that exciting plateau of sexual success at which they are able to feast their eyes on narrow noses in the nude. But that does not mean that total victory and consummation is in sight. By no means.

Miss Narrow Nose loves to show off her magnificent body and note the havoc it can wreak on the peace of mind of the man who gazes upon it. But her lover will pay dearly for any further advance up the pinnacle of desire. Concessions, promises, gifts, privileges; all will be extracted before actual physical skirmishing begins, and even then the ultimate onslaught may be parried with cruel callousness. Romance with Miss Narrow Nose is a one-sided affair, unsatisfying to males, and a cruel travesty of what sex should be all about.

Lovely ladies with blunt noses are in direct contrast, and sexologists group them with the desirable owners of snub and turned-up noses. Millions of potentially perfect sex partners belong to this same group. They are God's gift to the perfectly normal, strong and virile young man who likes his female playmates to show genuine interest in what is going on. They are the comfortable, lovable compromise most men set-

tle for quite happily . . . after dreaming of copulation with salty insatiable sex-bombs and nymphomaniacs. They attract most males, and are often able to take their pick from a wide variety of suitors. They are apt, however, to hold their sexual urges in check while still single. But they amply compensate for this when they marry.

Females with blunt, snub or turned-up noses are usually of average size and roundness, but generously endowed with firm, thrusting breasts and strong, affectionate thighs. Their looks last longer than any other nose category. They love to make love with the man who cherishes them, and it isn't necessary for him to prove that he does with material gifts like diamond rings. The Misses Blunt and company respect and believe their lovers. They are the best thing that ever happened, so far as the male sex is concerned.

There are not many females with

crooked noses these days, simply because a small and relatively inexpensive operation can straighten them out perfectly. But if a girl does retain her crooked nose, the lucky male who latches on to her can look forward to a sexual liaison that is out of this world. This is because gals with crooked noses don't exactly get red roses. They are very anxious to please the potential marriage material that does come along. They make a deliberate effort to learn all there is to know about making a man deliriously happy, in bed or out of it.

Nose-watchers justify their character—assessing science by pointing out that the nose is permanent, even if it may have been molded into a new shape by a plastic surgeon. It is formed by years of growth, during which thoughts, emotions, and passions have stamped an indelible character upon it. It cannot speak falsely.

All the traits of man and woman, their histories, desires, ambitions

and brain power find expression in the nose. It is the most notable feature of the human face because, unlike the smile, the expression of the eye or the movement of the lips, it is not under control of the will.

This is demonstrated even more dramatically in the male of the species. Only dignified, cool-thinking men, for instance, can wear aquiline or hooked noses with grace or effect. These are not suited to the female face, and are only to be tolerated on women when counteracted by unusual charm or talent. In males, the diminutive pug, the symmetrical Grecian, and the haughty Roman have a remarkable and distinct individuality which is noted instinctively by the female.

The great Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the most brilliant generals who ever lived, was a skillful reader of the face and character of a man. Without a single exception he



chose his officers by the size and appearance of their noses.

"Do not tell me of your proficiency in the art of war," he said to would-be officers, "but let me observe the development of your nose."

Napoleon had probably absorbed the truth of William Shakespeare's maxim, "A good nose is requisite to smell out work." Firmly believing it, the conquering Frenchman collected round him the strongest minds, the bravest hearts and the most loyal lieutenants.

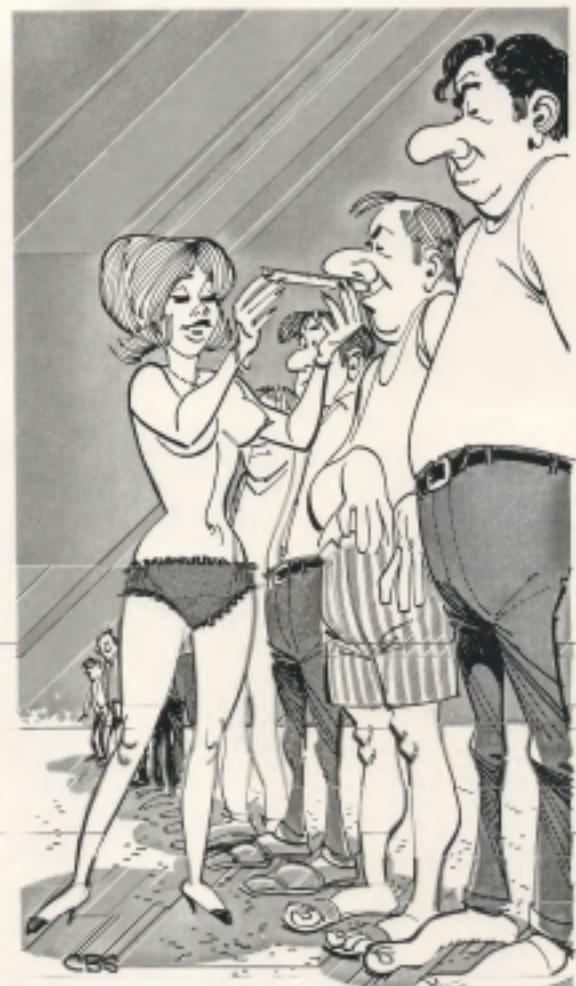
His own nose was fierce in youth, and massive in later years. If it had been half an inch shorter, the destinies of nations might have been totally different.

The gods, goddesses, heroes and heroines of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans of the ancient world were adorned with handsome, sensual noses. When the antique sculptor wished to change the model of a symmetrical human face into that of an ideal hero or god, they made the nose much longer.

True majesty of nose is seen in the Greek statue of Jupiter. Masculine beauty of nose can be studied on the Apollo or on the priceless Egyptian sculptures found in the tombs of the Pharaohs. The noses of Tasso, Voltaire, Cicero, and Locke harmonize only on the faces of men who belong to the aristocracy of talent and genius. You cannot find a failure, mentally or physically, in men endowed with noses such as Shakespeare's, or Petrarch's. Giants like Dante, Chaucer, Milton, Schiller, Dryden, and Tennyson had noses like those of the fabled, virile gods.

Virility and big noses went hand in hand for centuries. The ancient Persians permitted only the owners of large noses to pay court to royal princesses, on the grounds that such men were the most fertile, and would perpetuate the royal line. Antiochus VIII was sumamed "Grypus," because his nose was large and hooked like a vulture's beak. On old Greek coins the nose tips of the aristocrats engraved on them projected right to the rim.

The nose of Mohammed was phe-



nomenal. It was so curved that the point seemed to be trying to insert itself between the lips. The noses of Frederick the Great and the Emperor Rudolph of Austria were unique in size and shape, reflecting the rugged masculinity and strength of those two stalwarts.

Civilization has always had to push its way against formidable obstacles. Hence the large nose has

always been regarded as a moral battering ram to beat down the walls of resistance. It dominated the old ruthless Roman race. It carried George Washington to triumph, and sustained the shocks of the Battle of Waterloo on the face of the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon did have a big nose himself, but Wellington's was even bigger, and he won.

Daniel D. Teoli Jr.
Archival Collection

Some of the greatest heart-throbs of all time displayed their monumental noses aggressively. Mark Anthony, for instance, successfully swept Cleopatra off her dainty feet and into the boudoir by turning his handsome, nose-dominated profile towards her. And Rasputin, the mad monk, was worshipped by several Russian beauties even though his hair was matted, his hands always filthy and his breath bad. His big nose made up for everything.

Even that prince of charmers, Casanova, had his faults. He was skinny and had knobly knees, but he possessed a nose that was not merely large, but gigantic. It was crooked too, and seemed to hypnotize his lady friends into eager submission.

Among South Sea islanders are yet influenced by Western ways, the nose is a most important sex symbol, and is used as a medium for expressions of desire and affection. Tribes swearing everlasting peace, seal the compact with a mass rubbing of noses against noses. By the same frictional process, maidens declare their willingness to be loved. Kissing, by comparison, is considered to be both dull and unsanitary.

Sociologists, however, insist on applying the word "kiss" to both nose-rubbing and lip-contact. They call the South Sea islander's nose routine the olfactory or "smell-kiss. This type of kiss is popular even in parts of Europe; among the Laplanders and the Russian Yakuts, both of Asiatic social heritage. It is the predominant form of kiss in Asia, Africa, Polynesia and other parts of the world. It is the hallmark of the Eskimo.

There are interesting variations of the olfactory kiss, but a typical form is practiced in three phases: (a) the nose is applied to the cheek of the person kissed; (b) there is a long nasal inhalation accompanied by the lowering of the eyelids; (c) nose is rubbed against nose and is followed by a slight smacking of the lips without the mouths touching.

Among people who practice olfactory or nose embrace, instead of saying to the loved one "kiss me", it is the custom to say in the native vernacular, "smell me."

Many celebrated artists estimate that the length of the nose on both males and females should be a third the length of the face, from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair. Nearly all artists prefer to depict large noses rather than small ones.

A broken nose these days does not necessarily mean disfigurement in a man or a beauty handicap in a woman. Some faces are actually improved in appearance after a broken nose. It was said of Ian Fleming, author of the James Bond stories, that before he broke his nose at school, his looks were so overwhelmingly perfect that other students laughed at him. He looked a darn sight better with a broken nose.

Some people have their noses broken deliberately and reset on a higher plane altogether; actors and actresses, models, famous beauties, even the girl next door if she figures her proboscis isn't sexy enough. In fact, the U.S. is having a boom in rhinoplasty . . . plastic surgery of the nose. An estimated one million Americans already have had their noses reshaped. One New York surgeon performs ten operations a day in this field.

Stories doctors tell about reshaped noses that changed patients' sex lives sound almost like fiction. One Chicago surgeon followed the





storybooks by marrying his Pygmalion creation. A girl who was allowed to choose her graduation gift asked for the one thing she had wanted all her life . . . a sexy new nose. A man and a woman celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary with a party introducing the wife's new nose. "Doctor," the husband said, "you have given me a new, warm and passionate sex-partner."

Nose surgery techniques have been developed that leave no scars, all cutting being done inside the nostrils. Plastic surgeons take up the study of painting and sculpture in order to make the nose fit the features.

Discovery a few years ago of a method of preserving cartilage from a fresh corpse simplifies the work. Tantalum, a metal used for making

skull pouches, has also been found excellent for making nose bridges.

Trimming off a hump on a nose, reducing its width or cutting off a tip is a comparatively simple operation these days. Patients are given only a stupefying drug and a local anesthetic. The operation takes little more than 20 minutes. (Building up a diminutive nose takes longer).

Patients are hospitalized 24 hours and dismissed with a bit of flesh-colored adhesive over the nose. They feel no pain during the operation and very little afterwards. They must breathe through the mouth for about ten days, but stitches and tape are removed within a week.

One of the most world-famous and distinctive noses on the current scene is stuck in the middle of Bob Hope's face. Explaining how it got

that way he says, "The day I was born, my mother took her first look at my nose. 'Get the doctor back,' she hollered. 'There's been a terrible mistake. They've taken the baby and left the stork!'"

The man who has made a better living than anyone else out of a giant nose is Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante. He once told actress Taibah Bankhead: "For years I've admired you from afar."

Said Bankhead: "With that nose, darling, how else?"

A room in Jimmy's Hollywood home is jam-packed with models of enormous, sexy-looking noses. They hang over shelves and bookcases and are carved in bronze, clay and oak.

"Dey beautify de room," says Durante with pride. "I am now perpetuated for de rest of my life."



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* The * LIMB SCENE

MAXISKIRTERS BEWARE!

When fashion dictators heralded the arrival of the maxiskirt, men grumbled. The guys were worried that they'd no longer be seeing pretty legs around. Well, they needn't have worried that much. The maxi-skirt hasn't become all that popular (not yet, at least).

And recently, the New York Safety Council dealt the maxiskirt a new blow. To those females who have taken to wearing the ankle-length garments, the Council warns: Maxiskirters are liable to trip on stairs and curbs and their hem can get snagged in escalators. The skirts drag on the ground, carrying filth and germs from the street into homes and offices.

To those two very valid points, we'd like to add one of our own: Today's women haven't been taught how to walk gracefully in maxi-clothes. They look like Russian generals. And who the hell wants to kiss a Russian general?

NIPPONESE TEASE

You might not think that Japanese girls have very good legs, at least compared with our own long-stemmed beauties, but we're pretty sure you wouldn't switch to another channel if you were watching the latest in Japanese variety shows. A weekly Japanese strip tease program on TV stars a pair of young contortionists who invite young female "talent" onstage to play an old geisha game. The losers (and they usually do lose) end up with the shirts off their backs and the skirts off their legs, pleading for mercy from their hosts while they stand there in bra and panties.



Betty Grable (on left) did not win award for best legs ever to hit Hollywood.

So far no participant has lost her cool — or her most intimate undergarments—and her blouse and skirt may be selling several thousand yen when they are auctioned off. The proceeds go to a fund for the children of traffic accident victims. The show is one of the most popular on Japanese TV, and it's no wonder. Now why can't they get something going like that in the good old U.S.A.?

GIRLIE GOLFIERS

The limb scene on the green, you'll have to agree, has been less than exciting these past few decades. Not a patch on tennis, for example, unless you dig the image of rugged Babe Zaharias, and frankly, we'd prefer to watch Gorgeous Gannie any day of the week. But the present crop of girl golfers are very much concerned about their appearance, and things are shaping up quite nicely these days on the fairways. The introduction of short skirts that came with the mini movement was one great step forward; although, according to pro golfer, Linda Craft, they did have one problem. "When you were bending over to measure a putt the gallery was getting an eyeful."

That's when some spoilsport got the idea of replacing short skirts

with culottes, which many lady golfers wear nowadays. Still, a lot of them prefer short skirts, and we can't think of anything more calculated to improve their game and enhance the image of golfing femininity in general. Putting, anyone?

UNDERNEATH IT ALL

With beltlines hovering somewhere between the hips and the ankles and uncertain of which way to go, the lingerie manufacturers are providing a variety of lengths to go beneath mini, midi or maxi outerwear. Sometimes this "wardrobe of lengths" is combined all in one garment, as displayed recently by a model at the New York lingerie shows. She came onto the runway in a 22-inch half slip; pulled it off to uncover a 16-incher that hovered around the knees; then pulled that one off to show a 14-incher for the gal who wants a modified midi length. Last, and least, came the 11-incher. Measure that one for size!

To go with junior sportswear, the lingerie people showed a two-piece teenie-weenie bra and girdle set that is as bare, if not barer, than anything you'll see on the beaches. Hmmp ... our old lady couldn't wear that. She's built on the voluptuous side, and putting a teenie-weenie bra and girdle on her would



Hint? Maybe! Depends on who is setting the standards. — Current Hottest Legs title was awarded to Goldie Hawn.

be rather like trying to hide a hippo with a handkerchief (sorry 'bout that, love—we really like you that way—honest).

WHY HIGH HEELS?

Women really can't resist high heels, which is why they are coming back into fashion again. But maybe you didn't know why women want them and need them, which goes very deeply into the basic psychology of women and fashion. The fact is, women look relatively more like apes than men do, since their legs are proportionately shorter than a man's. Thus, the addition of two or three inches of high heels makes them mimic men and also offers a loftier outlook on life, which helps bolster their outside feminine egos. High heels also slenderize a woman's ankles and give her a much shapelier calf. This is accomplished, however, at the price of tilting the woman forward, as if she were standing on a hillside facing downhill. To compensate for this, a woman must arch her back in the lumbar region, throwing her pelvis and breasts forward. This is why men are delighted to see women in high heels — and why wives are doubly delighted to have their husbands rub the small of the back at night. So high heels work out

nicely all round — provided a gal has a built-in back rubber on hand. Smart husbands, and lovers, note well.

KNICKERS FOR SNICKERS

David Eugene Hill, of Barnbury, Oxfordshire, England, just couldn't stay away from the lass he'd been romancing for 18 months, even after they had a tiff over trivialities and she high-tailed it back to her hubby. One day, in a fit of pique, Hill snatched a pair of the lady's sexy black panties from her clothesline and hung them on a fireplug on the busiest street in Barnbury. He also roughed up the lady's husband in the process. The lady didn't think it was funny. The husband didn't think it was funny. The law didn't think it was funny, either, and bound Hill over to keep the peace for a year. Protested the prankster "I just did it for a giggle, after a few drinks."

Moral (we guess): A gal's panties are her own affair, even when the affair she's having is with some bloke other than her husband.

BACK TO THE KNEE

Perhaps a return to knee-length skirts won't be such a bad thing after all, if you're one of those who agree with the views of "Lucy from the Ozarks," who recently wrote in to



the Dear Abby column: "When I see women with legs like an elephant, or women with poster-pigeon bodies perched on stork-like legs and wearing mini-skirts, I am ashamed of my own sex!"

Or Miss Mildred Liebscher, who confided to *Cosmopolitan* magazine: "I am so tired of the hairy wonders parading around with their trousers riding a half-inch above their tommy guns, accompanied by their barefooted, bra-less, unkempt girl friends with mini-skirts that look more like bats."

Personally, we're more than ready for a return to common-sense, just-above-the-knee length skirts, accompanied by good grooming, licky-split nylons and high heels. How say you?

LEG QUEENS

Currently, the gal with the hottest pair of gams in show biz? Goldie Hawn! Voted the babe with the best-ever legs to hit Hollywood, by a panel of veteran cameramen? Virginia Mayo (did you think it was going to be Betty Grable?). Second on their list of all-stars, Debra Paget. We still think Jane Russell had fat and away the sexiest pair of legs in filmdom. They got better as they went up. Or, if you prefer shorteries, how about Mitzi Gaynor?



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WHO TURNS THE LESBIANS ON?

by George Bates

Lesbianism might be a rare trait, practiced by few and unnoticed by much of the public, if not for the efforts of many famous artists.



Until a little over one hundred years ago, the popular attitude toward lesbianism was one of tolerant amusement rather than of anger and disgust. In Europe and America, lady lady-lovers were regarded as freaks, as subjects for smoking room stories, as objects of amusement. In Asia, at least among the upper classes financially able to support harems, lesbianism was regarded as a healthy outlet for ladies in purdah, who might otherwise break out of their confinement and satiate their bottled-up lusts with men not their husbands.

Ancient mythology held its full

quota of lesbian legends, notably that in which Jupiter, king of the Roman heavens, assumed the guise of Diana, goddess of the hunt, to seduce a lady-loving nymph called Callisto. Callisto was evidently a big girl, since her name was given to the largest of the moons of Jupiter, giant among our Solar System's planets.

The earthly names of Boccaccio's *Decameron* and of Margaret of Navarre's *Pentameron* frequently assumed their sexual appetites with other sisters . . . and the comedies of Shakespeare are larded with lesbian allusions.

On numerous occasions, the greatest screw-and-tell amorist of all time, Casanova, cited instances in which his lady friends enjoyed one another's favors. His attitude was that such dalliance is relatively unimportant compared to heterosexual satisfactions . . . that it is something most girls engage in before being initiated into the rites of adult (or adulterous) womanhood.

His usual references to the sport of female with female are either as "youthful trifles" or "childish games." Nor was his attitude peculiar in the Age of the Enlightenment. Most European and American sophisticates viewed lesbianism in a similar light.

It was during the nineteenth century, with the rise of the stratified middle classes, that the great change occurred. Female homosexuality, instead of being accepted as an entirely natural phenomenon, began to be regarded as a moral and ultimately a legal crime of a most unspeakable sort.

Although it took place over a century ago, this change for the worse in public opinion of lesbian antics underlies current reactions to lady lady-lovers, who are still considered moral outlaws by the bulk of America's so-called silent majority. Unless all indications prove false, this repressive attitude promises to influence the status of the lesbian in American society throughout the foreseeable future.

Nowhere is this drastic reversal of popular opinion better expressed than in public reaction to a pair of works of art by a pair of famous artists of yesteryear, caricaturist Thomas Rowlandson of England and French Academician Gustave Courbet.

In the year 1799, Rowlandson departed from his usual deliberate grotesques to render a charming sketch of a pair of naked beauties, in an *al fresco* environment, reposing together on a sheet . . . while a young lad peers at them from the cover of some convenient shrubbery.

Rowlandson called his work, *Peeping Tom* . . . fittingly enough, since both amorousy disposed ladies are naked as Jaybirds. So unlike the body of his creative endeavors is





the drawing that it is supposed by experts that he styled it after some unknown masterpiece of an earlier era.

At any rate, when it appeared, the drawing was generally considered rather weak tea . . . at least compared to the phallic and clitoral nature of much of Rowlandson's production. Certainly, it caused no sensation at the time, nor gave rise to thunderous condemnations from press and pulpit.

Over half a century later, however, Courbet elected to paint one of his succulently lush masterpieces of mirth employing the Rowlandson mezzanine as a theme and placing the two loving ladies in

almost identical positions. Fifty years is not a very long time as the crow flies, but in this instance, it might as well have been five hundred. The differences in taste and outlook between the England of which the future George the Fourth was regent and the France over which Napoleon Third reigned supreme were so vast as to seem products of different millennia.

In any event, the roof fell in on Courbet. When his version of this mildly lesbian theme was exhibited in the Paris Salons, cries of outrage and screams of indecency reached such a pitch that it seemed Victorian prudery was ruling in Paris rather than London.

Few Englishmen of the era were aware that the model for this controversial work of art had been none other than stout Tom Rowlandson, for the drawing, along with the rest of his Rabelaisian penropic work, had been long banned from public circulation or display in the country that saw its birth.

Until nineteenth century penitishness became supreme in the West, artistic attitudes toward lesbianism revealed an acceptance of the fact that the female of the species can derive as much pleasure from the embraces of members of

her own sex as she does from those of the male. Even in the early decades of the nineteenth century, the subject was treated as a legitimate theme on which the most respected and respectable artists and sculptors based their works.

The celebrated harem paintings of Ingres, one of the great French masters of all time, do more than hint at homosexual activity among the pneumatic beauties on display. In his *The Bath*, one of the languorous odalisques prominently displayed in the right of this large canvas, is openly fondling the breast of the woman beside her. The erotic postures of the others suggest a more than Platonic interrelationship. Nor is this strong lesbian theme weakened by the absence of any practicing males from the scenes.

As late as 1840, an artist named P. Fendi rendered a charcoal sketch of these naked ladies in knee-deep water, engaged in overt lesbian activity. One of the women is lifting the buttocks of a second so that a third female may orally engage with

the vulva so temptingly offered.

The artist called his provocative drawing *Water Sprites* . . . but a much more suitable title would have been, *Quick, Harems, the libido!*

As already noted, however, this sort of tolerant coexistence where female homosexuality was concerned virtually vanished after the turn of the half-century. The all-powerful *anova's ricke*, whose wealth shrank as their fortunes burgeoned, were furiously against anything that could possibly be labeled as sin . . . especially if it was available to the poor men and women they mercilessly exploited to increase their profits. Illness, drink and enjoyment of pleasure were all deemed as tools of the devil, on the grounds that they might cause the laborer to shirk his underpaid toll and thus lessen the profits of his industrial master. Not surprisingly, any and all sexual deviations came under this interdict, along with the idea of so-called normal sex for any but child-bearing purposes.

As for the exploiters themselves,

in most instances anything went, since they could afford all the pleasures of the Earth. But the vices of the rich had to be kept out of sight lest they offer a bad example to the poor.

The actual attitude of the privileged few toward the unprivileged many in regard to sex is perfectly exemplified by the old smoking room story about the British duchess who had a real ball for the first time in her life on her wedding night.

So delectable did she find sex that, after an especially satisfactory set-to with her spouse, she asked him if what they had just enjoyed was similarly enjoyed by the common people. Informed that it was, the noblewoman cried, "Well, it's much too good for them!"

Embedded in such an atmosphere, erstwhile wholesome attitudes toward female homosexuality became increasingly depraved, and this depravity was reflected in both literature and art.

In the former, the novels of Viennese author Sacher-Masoch led the way. So effective an example did they set that his name became an international symbol of unnatural enjoyment of sex through pain under the term *masochism*, the opposite of *sadism*. His masochistic heroines, tall, cruel and clad in boots and clanking chains, like many of today's teeny-boppers, were forever torturing his haplessly happy heroes within a millimeter of their lives.

With lesbianism considered a sexual crime rather than a trivial deviation, the artists depicting it in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries dropped the naturalism of Ingres and Roslinson in favor of a more sophisticated and depraved approach.

Nowhere was this delight in erotic evil better exemplified than in the exquisite pen-and-ink renderings of von Bayros, an Austrian artist of the era, whose extraordinary draftsmanship lent credibility to the most outlandish erotic antics on the part of his lovely subjects.

In one of these outré masterpieces, von Bayros shows a rear view of a blonde beauty flailing







away at the bottom of a compliant female lover with her own entire backside exposed to the viewer. The lady is clad in nothing more than black lace stockings rising from low boots to just above the knees.

Titillation is added by a small naked girl child in the foreground, who is giving the flailing lady her jollies with an extended left big toe . . . even while an English bulldog obligingly laps at the little girl's genitalia.

In another version of this tribadite theme, another lady, naked save for black stockings and a wide-open peignoir, lies back on a sofa making love to another woman. Her clitoral area dominates the center of the picture and is fully exposed. A small monkey is dilding this lady.

with the end of the slender shaft of a ruffled parosol.

Von Bayros, of course, was but one of hundreds of *fin-de-siècle* artists and novelists who traveled trails take only a few decades earlier. His work, and the social attitudes that underlay it, did much to put tight repressive clamps on female sexuality in an era when, following the exposure and trial of Oscar Wilde, male homosexuality was referred to in polite society as the "unmentionable vice."

Only in the last fifteen years or so has the Western World emerged from the post-Victorian ostrich-headed attitude toward the bio-

logical realities of homosexuality. The to-do that continues to be made about these facts of life in the current reaction against all tabus is indicative of how deeply the repressions were felt.

Today, homosexuality is "in" to an extraordinary degree in art and literature alike. How long this attitude will continue is anyone's guess, as is how the next generation will view departures from the so-called norm.

But it's a safe bet that the lesbian is here to stay. After all, she's been around for a long, long time. It's just as safe a bet artists will continue to paint her, authors to write about her and sculptors and photographers to present her as vividly as possible.



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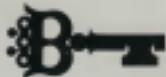
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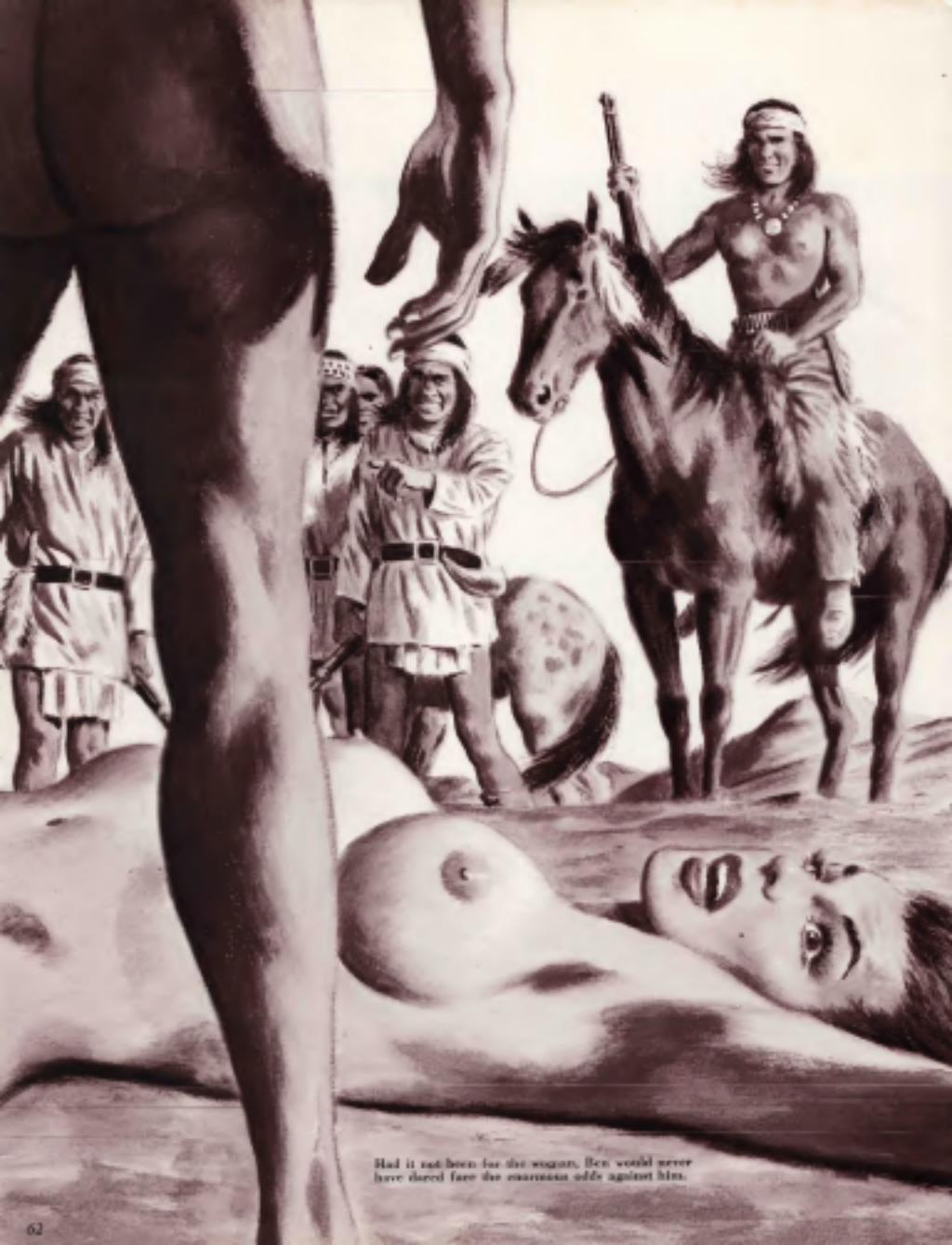




A FORMER DROPOUT FROM SOCIETY HERSELF, SIMONE IS IN A UNIQUE POSITION. SHE NOT ONLY UNDERSTANDS FULLY THE DRIVES AND MOTIVATIONS OF HER VISITORS, BUT HAS, THROUGH HER OWN EFFORTS, COME BACK TO THAT SOCIETY SHE FORMERLY SPURNED AS SHALLOW, SORDID AND DEPRAVED.







Had it not been for the woman, Ben would never have dared face the enormous odds against him.

THEY HAD BUT ONE SLIM CHANCE. KNIFE TO KNIFE, HE MUST FACE THE INDIAN CHAMPION.

THE PRIZE IS LOVE OR LUST

BY MAURIE GOODMAN



Ben Caldwell's shabby clothes were covered with the red dust of Northern Arizona's desert. The day was a blister. The sun poured down on him and his mule like a monster red eye. Sweat drenched his skin and plastered his faded cotton shirt to his back. His Stetson was tipped low on his forehead to shield his eyes from the golden reflection of sun against sand. Sweat trickled from the leather band of the hat down the bridge of his aquiline nose.

Lean at the gut and broad across his shoulders, he was a man of uncommon strength and unwavering will. His eyes were older than his years. A hardened bitterness masked what might once have been an easy-going face. Living alone, searching for gold in hostile Apache country, could do that to a man.

The scream reached his ears before he topped the crest of a small knoll. It was a terrifying sound that stabbed at his heart like a knife of ice. High-pitched, it sounded as if it was being strangled out from behind gritted teeth. Cautiously, Ben slid his Winchester rifle from its saddle-scabbard and bellied up the knoll.

As he had suspected, he saw a cluster of semi-naked Apaches huddled around an inert form they had spread-eagled on the hot desert floor. There were seven in all. One of them, a muscular warrior of great handsomeness, sat astride his spotted pony and watched impassively as the other six began their torture.

A grinning brown form with a scar that stretched from his ear lobe to the corner of his mouth was swaying the point of his knife under their victim's nose. Suddenly, he leaped straight into the air and, with a blood-chilling war whoop, came down with his moccasined feet on each side of the victim's head.

For the first time, Ben realized the Apache's prisoner was a woman. When the one with the knife had leapt into the air, Ben had seen the woman's heavy breasts. Stripped naked, she writhed and twisted under the braves' touch. Each was taking turns running his dusty hands over the woman's breasts and pelvis, pausing to squeeze with his fingertips until the woman



screamed again. In time, they would tire of this. Then the one with the knife would slowly skin her alive.

Ben knew this just as he knew he was inviting bad trouble if he interfered. Had the victim been a man, Ben might well have gone his way. But it was a woman. And for that reason, he quietly thrust back the hammer of his rifle and took careful aim.

The rifle roared. Its bullet thudded into the chest of the scar-faced Apache. Clutching his chest, his eyes opened wide in shock and surprise. He died as Ben squeezed off a second shot. The rifle bucked in his hands. The impact of the second bullet drove another of the Apaches back toward one of the horses. The horse jumped and shied away from him. The Indian tilted forward, clutching his side, and fell on his knees.

By now, the remaining four on the ground were scurrying around trying to mount their ponies. The

handsome one who had been watching, was now snapping one word commands and pointing toward the knoll which gave Ben cover. Ben squeezed the trigger a third time. He caught one of the Apaches as he was just getting atop his pony. The brave toppled to the ground and rolled on his back, his lips stretching in a grimace of agony. He writhed, then stiffened and died as his four companions whooped and rode away from the place of death.

Ben lay perfectly still. He waited until the dust clouds that rose behind the horse's hooves grew so small as to be swallowed up by the horizon. Then, his rifle cocked and ready, he got to his feet and ran down the sandy knoll.

"Gracias," the woman muttered, her voice parched from the heat and her screams. "Mucho gracias, Señor."

Straight black hair, the color of pitch, framed her striking, sensual face. Dark brown eyes flared over her high, bold cheekbones. Her nose was short. Her lips, dry and

cracked, reminded Ben of ripe fruit waiting to be tasted. "I don't savvy Mex Lingo," he said, cutting the leather thongs that held her wrists pinioned to stakes driven into the desert floor. "Can you speak any English?"

The girl sat up and rubbed the circulation back into her wrists. "A little," she nodded. "Enough, perhaps."

Ben sliced through one of the thongs around her slender ankles. "Enough to tell me your name and how come you got yourself into this bind?"

She nodded again. "My name is Serena. I was taken as a hostage when the Apaches raided my village three years ago. *Santecena* liked me. . . ."

Ben sliced through the remaining thong. "Santecena?" he interrupted. "Who's he?"

"The brave who sat while his warriors started their torture of me," Serena answered. "He saw me when the raiding party returned from my village. He bought me. I became his squaw. I waited all this time to escape. They tracked me without trouble. *Santecena* told them to put me to death. He is a sub-chief. His orders are not to be questioned."

Ben straightened, his bold frame shielding the girl's face from the sun now low on the horizon. "We'd best high-tail it out of here. *Santecena* will come back soon as he and his braves get mad enough to shake the surprise out of their heads. When they spot my tracks, they'll know for certain there was but one up there shooting at 'em. They'll want my scalp sure as *Billy-Hell*."

He helped her to her feet, his eyes travelling slowly down her taut, vibrant figure and up again. She started to take a step, then fell forward. The blood had not yet circulated into her feet. She was momentarily unable to walk. Ben picked her up and carried her toward his mule. He was not unaware of her large, dark-nipped breasts; nor did the smoothness of her thighs against his hands remind him less that it had been sometime since he had been with a woman.

Two miles back, an area of rock rubble stretched along the base of a large mesa. Ben walked in front of

the smile, pushing himself and the animal as fast as they could go toward the flat-topped rise. Reaching it, he removed everything the mule was carrying and hauled it into a shadowed pocket of the mesa wall's rock formations. The girl helped him. When they were finished, they had created a sheltered fort. The wall of the mesa was at their backs. Huge boulders protected them from a frontal assault. And they were just high enough to give Ben a decided advantage with his repeating rifle. "This is where we'll stay till I know it will be safe to leave," Ben said, sitting down to wipe the sweat from his face. "If that Santeena fellow does come back, I promise he won't leave before I nail a couple more of his brases."

He had cut a hole in the center of one of his blankets and given it to Serena to wear over her nakedness like a poncho. The corners of the blanket flipped about as she scurried around the mesa's base. When she returned to their foot-camp, she was carrying an armful of small sticks and dried tumbleweed. When she had built a small fire, Ben warmed them some coffee, beans, and jerky.

Shadows from the fire danced against the mesa wall, then disappeared as Serena threw handfuls of dirt upon the flames. She knew as well as Ben how easy it was to spot even the tiniest of flames once total darkness enveloped the desert. Finished, she huddled against the back of a rock and drew her knees up under the poncho and tight against her chest for maximum body warmth as the night grew long.

Ben settled his other blanket down upon the still warm sand and lay down, his eyes heavy with sleep. "I'd like for one of us to be awake at all times in case Santeena gets back here before dawn," he said. "We'll take two hour turns. Would you mind going first? I'm a mite tired."

Serena nodded. "You sleep. I'll wake you later."

Shadows which had been stretching over the arid land, blended together to cover the mesa with darkness, as Ben closed his eyes and let sleep shroud his mind.

He knew several hours had gone by when he awoke. The girl had not wakened him. She had kept the

watch, sitting hunched over, her eyes wide and looking beyond the rock barrier. Ben heard her teeth chattering. The night had grown cold. "Darnit," he cursed, a wave of compassion sweeping through him. "I should have thought."

Getting to his feet, he picked up his blanket and walked over to her. "Sorry," he said, bending forward to pick her up, "I wasn't thinking." He sat down with her on his lap and wrapped the blanket around them. "T'ween me and the blanket, though, I'll have you warm as a bowlful of Mexican chili in no time."

Serena didn't say anything. She just cuddled against the big man, growing more comfortable as his body heat radiated over her. She let her head rest against his chest. In a while, her teeth stopped chattering.

Ben held her, feeling her become less tense. Once, when she shifted her weight, the side of her full breast came in contact with the palm of his hand. Ben didn't move. He didn't want to jerk his hand away, thinking she might then know what he was and had been thinking. Nor did he cup the breast or squeeze it as he wanted, feeling she might take offense. There was much about her that he already liked. He didn't want to jeopardize what might become a lasting friendship.

Seemingly unaware of what her warm body was doing to him, Serena moved again. This time, Ben's hand came to rest against the softness of her inner thigh. Ben shifted, not wanting her to feel his hardened manhood.

"I is all right," she whispered, taking his hand and pressing it against her breast. "You are a man. I a woman. I know I please you. It has been in your eyes since the first. You saved my life. It is only right that I give the only thing I have to offer in return."

Ben was going to tell her that it wasn't necessary. He wanted to say that she shouldn't give her body to him unless it was something she really wanted to do, that she shouldn't lay down for him out of just gratitude. But he didn't. Serena had gotten to her feet and pulled the poncho-blanket over her head, then spread it on the ground

to lie on. Naked, she lay on her back and beckoned to him. "Harry," she said, spreading her legs wide as she bent them at the knees. "I will shiver again unless you cover me with your body and the other blanket."

Ben stared at her breasts, large and gleaming in the moonlight, as he fumbled with the buttons of his shirt. Although she was lying on her back, her breasts still pointed toward the sky, their dusky nipples already taut and hard. A dark vee formed where her thighs came together, a thick matting of glistening hair that covered her womanhood.

"Harry," Serena whispered, again beckoning to him.

Ben dropped his pants, threw the blanket over his shoulders so that it would cover them when they were one, and fell to his knees between her thighs. Propped over her with one hand, he ran his fingers over her breasts and belly. Then, groaning, he covered her breast with his mouth and sucked hungrily. He could hear her gentle moan, feel her start to undulate beneath him.

His breath caught in his throat when he felt her hand move over the hairs of his belly, then reach down to clutch and hold his throbbing staff. She opened her legs wider and raised her firm buttocks slightly, then guided the head of his manhood toward the black vee.

She was wet with anticipation. Her belly muscles rippled beneath her soft skin as she forced upward in her effort to get him inside of her. Ben was pleased that she was as ready for his penetration as he. It showed him that she wasn't doing this just out of gratitude.

"Unmh," she groaned, lifting her buttocks up off the blanket. Ben still hadn't finished his penetration. "You are so big," she groaned. "I was a virgin when Santeena took me. With you, I am once again a virgin."

She bit her lower lip and shoved her body upward toward him, meeting him as he thrust downward, striking a tiny scream as they were finally joined. Ben began to move slowly, his lean body sweating against hers, his nostrils full of her sweet woman's scent.

Her thighs quivered against the small of his waist as she locked her heels over each other and moved

slowly, tantalizingly beneath him. As a squire, she had been taught to move in slow, deliberate motions, always moving her man toward fulfillment. It was a teaching. Ben had no quarrel with it. He could feel her fingers bite into his ribs and shoulders, hear her pants and groan as he picked up the tempo of his assault, feel her lush breasts slap against his chest as they met, then parted briefly only to meet with the following thrust.

His time had come. He could hold back no longer. Serena's ripe young body had carried him past all thought of restraint. With a strangled groan, he began to pump himself into her with longer, increasingly faster strokes. And Serena, knowing what was happening, began to slam her buttocks up and down against the blanket with rapid motions designed to help him in his quest. Ben cried out and let himself flow into her wet and seething sex cavern. Again and again he writhed as spasms of ecstasy shivered the length of his masculinity. Serena held his head close to her lips. She cooed into his ear. Her body lay passive for his pleasure.

She didn't let Ben roll away

from her when he had finished. Her legs again locked around his waist. Her arms went around his neck. "Did I please you?" she whispered.

Ben nodded, noticing for the first time that he had his hands beneath her buttocks.

"Then why would you leave me so soon?" she asked, her soft tongue darting into his ear.

Ben felt her squirm beneath him. He was again conscious of her breasts, her lips. "I didn't think you'd want . . ."

"I do," she interrupted.

His manhood had not yet softened. Slowly, he began to move it toward life. Serena smiled and locked her heels behind his thighs. "Do you have a wife somewhere?" she asked, kissing his cheek.

Ben turned his mouth toward hers. "Not yet," he answered, touching his lips to hers, knowing she had asked because she wanted him as her man. It was the first time they had kissed. And though it would be many years before it would be the last, it was a sensation both knew they would remember for as long as they lived!

They were still locked as one

when the sound of hooves thudding over the desert floor awakened them. Ben rolled away and peered over the top of one of the boulders that was their fort. His muscles were tensed, every nerve fiber alive and tingling.

Santeena and his three braves reined their shoeless ponies to a halt as they approached the rock rubble at the base of the mesa. Here, Ben's tracks ended. But Santeena knew they were hiding. There were no other tracks leading away from the mesa at any point in the sand beyond the rubble. Ben didn't want to fire until he had the braves at closer range. No sense in giving away the exact location of his hiding place.

"White dog!" Santeena yelled, looking in their general direction. And then he lapsed into a series of guttural curses, each translated by Serena as the two harriedly dressed themselves.

"He . . . he challenges you," she whispered. "He says he does not want to rush against your deadly rifle, but he can wait just far enough away until we go hungry or are without water."

Ben nodded. The Apache was right.

"He challenges you again," Serena said after Santeena finished another minute-long tirade. "He says he will fight you to the death rather than rush us or wait until we die of starvation. Only he will fight. His braves will not interfere. If you win, we are to be left in peace. If you lose . . .," she hesitated. "If you lose, he will then come for me."

"And stake you out again?" Ben finished.

Serena nodded.

"The hell with him," Ben answered. "We'll take our chances right here."

Santeena screamed out his challenge once more. Serena looked at Ben. "I have faith in you," she said, their eyes meeting. "He is right. We will die here if you don't go out to meet him. He and the other three will wait for weeks if necessary. Our only hope is that you are able to defeat him. Got it? I have faith in you!"

Ben kicked off his boots, knowing she was right and that their only chance was for him to kill the handsome warrior who so confi-



dently screamed at them from atop his pony. Clad only in his pants, he pulled his Bowie knife from its sheath and stepped out from behind the boulders.

"Tell him he is a coward who finds courage by killing women," he said to Santeena. "Tell him I will fight him with a glad heart for no such man could be my equal."

Santeena yelled to Santeena, telling him what Ben had said. With a whoop, the sub-chief slid off his pony's back and started to walk toward Ben. Ben stepped gingerly on the sand. It was already getting warm from the early morning sun. But he knew his boots wouldn't have given him the traction he needed in a fight such as this. For a similar reason, he had left his shirt off. He didn't want to wear anything that Santeena could grab and hold, to swing him into a waiting knife blade.

As they approached each other, Ben saw the grin on the Apache's face. His opponent was a bronzed giant with muscles that bulged and rippled beneath his golden skin. Santeena was supremely confident.

Slowly, they circled each other. Santeena's arm snaked out. The knife

flashed in the sunlight. Ben jumped back, the blade missing his gut by a fraction of an inch. Santeena a muttered something, still grinning.

They circled again, each waiting for the other to make a move which could be countered. Ben feinted with his one hand, then tried to slash Santeena's arm with the one which held the Bowie. Grinning, Santeena easily backed away. He flicked his blade upward, catching Ben's forearm as he moved. A streak of red appeared as blood seeped out from a short, jagged cut. It burned Ben and made his brain go hot.

The Apache bobbed his shoulders, then quickly flicked his knife blade in front of Ben's face. Ben involuntarily flinched. His eyes closed, then popped open a fraction of a second later.

During that moment, Santeena lashed his foot out. His toe caught Ben's groin. A spasm of pain knotted Ben's gut. He staggered backward.

With a whoop, Santeena pressed his attack. His free hand and feet created flashing diversions as he waved the knife ever closer. Ben continued bucking up. His arm

burned. His belly hurt bad and made him want to double up. Stumbling, he fell onto his back. He saw Santeena a circle above him. His hand tightened on the grip of the Bowie.

Santeena's foot flicked out. A puff of dust appeared on the desert floor as he kicked sand toward Ben's face. Ben held his hand over his eyes, shielding them from particles of sand that would have blinded him and made him vulnerable to a final knife thrust.

Thinking the sand had already struck Ben's eyes, Santeena dove toward him, holding the knife high to plunge it into Ben's throat as they collided. But Ben wasn't blinded. He saw what would have been the fatal thrust arcing downward. Rolling to his side, he dodged the blow. Santeena's knife whispered past his ear and buried itself harmlessly into the sand.

Santeena screamed! Ben's blade had ripped into him, just below his breastbone. The scream was cut short as the entire length of cold steel sheared forward to the hilt, then twisted expertly, severing everything it encountered. His face froze in the expression with which he had died; eyes wide and startled, mouth twisted in its silent cry of agony!

Ben rolled away and jumped to his feet. He looked at the three braves who were sitting astride their ponies, their eyes bulged in disbelief. Then, coldly, he turned his back to them and walked back toward Selena.

She had been standing atop one of the boulders watching the fight. Now, jumping to the ground, she ran toward Ben, her arms wide. They met half-way. She hugged herself against him, tears running down her cheeks as she cooed over the cut on his arm.

Ben heard the ponies ride away. He knew the braves were taking Santeena's body back for a proper burial. "I'll need someone to tend to this," he said, nodding toward his arm.

"I will," she answered.

"And there'll be other things to tend to," he continued, smiling.

"I know," she answered, her voice but a whisper as she drew his forearm to her mouth and gently pressed her lips against it.





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